The Penſive Maid:

OR,

The Virgins Lamentation for the Loſs of her Lover.

For Seven years ſpace ſhe patiently did bear
The Abſence of her Love, as you ſhall hear:
At length ſad Tydings came that he was ſlain,
And that they never more ſhould meet again.

Tune of Through the cool ſhady Woods. *Or,* Deep in Love.

WHen *Sol* will caſt no light,
all darkned over,
And doleſome time of night
the Skies did cover:
Down by a River's ſide
where Ships are ſailing,
There a fair Maid I ſpy'd,
weeping and wailing.

I ſtept unto her ſtraight,
Deareſt, what grieves thee?
She anſwered me, and ſaid,
none can relieve me:
'Tis Seven long Years and more
ſince my Love parted,
And left me on this Shore
quite broken-hearted.

He promiſed to return,
if Life was lent him,
Which makes me ſigh and mourn,
Death doth prevent him:
O that I could but hear
ſome Tydings from him,
How it my heart would cheer,
for all my longing.

A young man ſtraight ſhe ſpied,
like one amazed,
Which did a Token bring,
whereon ſhe gazed;
Where is my Love? quoth ſhe,
that comes not near me;
The Young-man he reply'd,
pleaſe for to hear me.

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YOur Love and I did fight
under one Banner,
Maintaining *England*'s Right,
purchaſing Honour:
He was a Seaman bold,
of Courage valiant,
Scorning to be controul'd
by e'er a Gallant.

But in a dreadful Fight
where Guns did rattle,
And many a Gallant Wight,
fell in the Battel:
His fatal Deſtiny
near was approaching,
And ſummon'd him away,
by Death's incroaching.

When he his Deaths wound had,
and Brains were broken,
To me theſe Words he ſaid,
deliver this Token
To her that hath my heart,
and is more dearer,
Wiſhing her for my ſake,
to love the Bearer.

And having ſpoke thoſe words,
he then declined,
And in a ſtream of Blood
his Life reſigned,
Leaving me full of care,
ſad News to bear it,
His Death for to declare
as you now hear it.

When ſhe the Tydings heard,
with this ſad Potion,
She like a ſtock appear'd
without all Motion:
At length her Spirits came
by grief inflamed,
And then with ſtouds of tears
thus ſhe exclaimed.

O! ye great Power above,
which Life doth ſend us,
And thou the Goddeſs Love
which did befriend us,
Why have ye ſnatch'd away
my deareſt Sweeting,
And by your cruelty
ſpoiled our Meeting?

Since that my Love is dead,
whom I did tender,
No comfort I will take
but Life ſurrender:
In ſome unwonted Paths,
there will I wander,
And prove more conſtant
than e'er was *Leander*.

And ſo vain World farewel
and all thy pleaſure,
Since he is gone that was
my chiefeſt Treaſure;
In the *Elyzium* Shades
there will I hide me
Until I find my Love,
what e'er betide me.

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